

THE WILLIES' AEROPLANE DESTROYS A BRITISH CABBAGE: CARTOON

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One Halfpenny.

THE SEVEN AIRMEN OF CUXHAVEN: THE MEN WHO BOMBARDED GERMANY FROM THE SKIES.



Flight Lieutenant H. N. Edmonds.



Flight Commander Francis Esme Theodore Hewlett, the missing hero.



Flight Commander R. P. Ross.



Flight Commander C. F. Kilner.



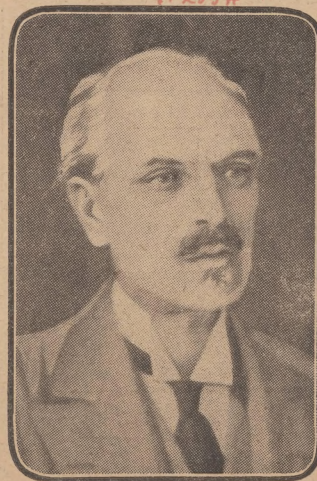
Flight Lieutenant A. J. Milly.



Flight Commander D. A. Oliver.



Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, who taught her son Francis how to fly.



Mr. Maurice Hewlett, father of the missing airman and a distinguished novelist.



Flight Sub-Lieutenant V. G. Blackburn.

The thrilling raid on Germany's naval refuge at Cuxhaven is as yet the most brilliant aerial exploit of the great war, and, despite Germany's boasting as to her own wonderful air service, this exploit has been performed by British airmen. On Christmas Day seven British seaplanes attacked the German Fleet in Cuxhaven. Hostile Zeppelins came out,

but were put to flight. Only one British pilot is missing—Flight-Commander Hewlett, the son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the famous romantic novelist, who was taught aviation by his mother. The Germans say they suffered no damage, but they always say this when they are attacked. We are used to it.

NURSE THE GERMANS DID NOT KILL.

Girl's Trial on Charge of Forging Letters from Belgium

DEAD 'SISTER'S EVIDENCE

An eighteen-year-old girl clerk, who burst into tears when her father, in giving evidence, mentioned that her brother went down in the Titanic, stood in the dock in the High Court of Edinburgh yesterday.

Her name was Kate Hume, of Dumfries, and she was charged with forging and publishing letters purporting to show that her sister, Nurse Grace Hume, had been killed by the Germans while she was attending wounded in Belgium.

The indictment charged the girl with having, between August 4 and September 11, at Dumfries—

Fabricated a letter bearing to be written to her and signed by her sister Grace, residing at Huddersfield, such letter having been forged by her. Fabricated a letter bearing to be written to her from Belgium by J. M. Millard, such letter and signature being forged by her.

On September 11 uttered these letters as genuine by delivering them to a reporter of the *Dumfries Standard* for publication.

All of which she did with the intention of alarming the people, in particular her father and her stepmother, living in Dumfries.

She pleaded not guilty, and a special plea was tendered that at the time when the letters were alleged to have been written her mind was unbalanced and she did not know what she was doing.

The hearing was adjourned.

BROTHER LOST IN TITANIC.

Looking cool and self-possessed, the prisoner, who was wearing a fur toque and a serge cloak, took her seat in the dock.

The first witness called was the girl's father, who stated that there had been some differences between her and her stepmother. On August 7 Kate left his house and went into lodgings in Dumfries.

He first heard of the supposed murder of his daughter Grace in September, in a letter which read—

Dear Kate.—This is to say good-bye. Have not long to live. Hospital has been set on fire. Germans cruel. My breast taken away.—Good-bye, Grace.

There was also a letter from a Nurse Millard, who was supposed to be at the front, to the accused, in which it was stated that Grace had died, and adding:—

Grace requested me to tell you that her last thoughts were of you, and you were not to worry over her, as she would be going to meet her Jack. One of our soldiers caught two German soldiers cutting off her left breast, her right one having been already cut off. Your sister was a heroine.

Witness said he did not believe the story of his daughter's death, but he wrote to the War Office on the subject.

DIFFERENCES WITH STEP-MOTHER.

In cross-examination witness said his son John went down in the Titanic. He was leader of the ship's band which played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Witness, speaking with some emotion, stated that John and the prisoner were very much bound up in each other, whereupon the accused burst into tears.

Mr. Hume further said the girl took the death of her brother very much to heart, and she had not been the same girl since.

Witness explained that there was no very serious difference between accused and her stepmother and his daughter had no feeling against him. She was a girl of much musical talent. The reason she left home was because she resented having her full liberty somewhat curtailed.

Evidence was also given by the stepmother, who said accused was headstrong, rather excitable and chivalrous.

"I WROTE THE LETTERS."

The testimony of the landlady and her daughter where prisoner lodged was to the effect that accused was intelligent and did not seem to be mentally affected.

Miss Grace Hume said she first saw the account of her death in the *Yorkshire Post*. She knew nothing about the J. M. Millard referred to, nor did she recognise the handwriting.

This concluded the evidence for the prosecution, and the accused then gave evidence. She said she had read a great deal about the mutilation of women. When she had not heard from her sister she felt she had gone to the front and she was worried about her.

She remembered writing the letters, but did not know why she wrote them. She worked herself into the belief that what was in the letters was true.

PEERS' RETURN TO WORK.

According to present arrangements, the House of Lords will reassemble to-morrow, and hold a further sitting on the following day. The House of Commons will probably not meet until February 2, the date agreed upon when Parliament adjourned recently.

Various questions, it is expected, will be addressed to the Treasury Bench with regard to the war, and it is quite likely that a statement will be invited from Lord Kitchener as to the military situation.

CHASED BY UHLANS.

Thrilling Adventures of 'Daily Mirror' Photographer in Theatre of War.

UNDER FIRE TO GET PICTURES.

Some idea of the difficulties and dangers a newspaper photographer has to face is given in the following narrative by Mr. Bernard Grant, a *Daily Mirror* photographer, whose splendid pictures have done so much to give our readers a vivid impression of war as it is.

"To be seen nowadays with a camera in France or Belgium," he says, "is to be suspected of being a spy, and to be suspected is to be arrested. I had not been in Belgium very long when, on reaching a village near Antwerp, I was politely asked by an official to accompany him to the police station."

"Only after every rag I had on me had been searched, and even my watch and camera had been examined, at the station was I allowed to proceed. This arrest was only the first of many."

In Belgium my colleagues and myself were at many halts, and I think, succeeded in illustrating them truthfully, but we were in the greatest danger.

"On one occasion I was motoring with a friend along a quiet country road when everything seemed peaceful."

Suddenly there was a series of 'pings'; a bullet passed through a door by the roadside, and a twig came falling from the trees, the reason being that a party of Uhlans had decided that we were not fit to live, and were shooting at us."

"Our chauffeur put on all speed until we reached cover, in the shape of a house. Those Uhlans did not live long after that. A detachment of cavalry arrived on the scene and killed them all in a farmyard."

"Moving at night through a country at war is quite dangerous, even though one has the passport and satisfactory papers. One night we had to do, to cross to a village in the moonlight."

"Every few hundred yards we heard the cry 'Halt! halt!'"

"Slowing down we would crawl up to the sentries and whisper the password for the day."

"Nearly at the end of the journey we were actually fired upon, luckily without results. The sentry waited neither for us to come or to go, but to stop—sentries generally expected us to do one or the other—but sent a bullet whizzing over our heads."

DEATH SLOW IN COMING.

Sailor's Graphic Story of French Submarine's Hairbreadth Escape.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—A graphic story of the hairbreadth escape of a French submarine has been forwarded to the *Leite Gironde* by one of the crew, who says:—

"On the morning after leaving port we were within two miles of one of the enemy's ports. At six o'clock we dived and proceeded towards the entrance to the port. On drawing near to the dam protecting the harbour we caught sight of several battleships, but we could not torpedo them as the dam afforded them protection."

"The next moment, however, these and several other destroyers passed within a short distance of our craft, and in order to make our aim more accurate we drew nearer to them, but suddenly our submarine was caught."

"We could neither go forward nor astern, as the rudder was held tightly by steel cables."

"We were drawn upwards almost to the surface. Then the enemy's torpedoes came speeding towards us and seemed to shave our hull."

"It was a miracle that we were not struck. We thought that we were done for, and we patiently awaited the explosion which would deliver us from this cruel suspense."

"Death," continued the writer, "seemed infinitely slow in coming to my comrades and myself."

"Then the cable gave way abruptly, and we dived at full speed to a depth of sixteen metres."

"Two hours later we were completely free of our pursuers.—Exchange.

ALL SORTS OF WEATHER.

Wales and Derbyshire have experienced severe snowstorms and considerable damage has been done by the falls in the Peak district.

In Hampshire the Rivers Stow and Avon have overflowed their banks, and thousands of acres of marshland, extending from Christchurch to Ringwood, are submerged.

London, which has only enjoyed two fine days this month, had rain and fog.



Map showing the scene of the raid on the German coast by British ships and sea-planes.

GIRL WHO GOT HOME.

German Teacher's Groundless Fears of Detention in Britain.

SORRY TO LEAVE HER PUPILS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

FLUSHING, Dec. 27.—Fraulein Leeba, who travelled by the same route as myself as far as Flushing, has safely crossed the Dutch frontier into the Fatherland.

When she arrives home she will (or ought to) rush to her mother and say, "Oh, mother, I was so frightened at coming, but everything was all right and—the British officials were so kind to me!"

A tall, athletic-looking girl, with a round, gentle face and soft, blue eyes, she came to Victoria Station without a scrap of luggage. At the station, together with other passengers of various nationalities, she was searched and then she walked along the platform and quickly got into the Folkestone train.

The big white card which had been given her had to be filled up. A cheerful Belgian woman in the corner of the carriage was smiling on the card. Fraulein Leeba tremblingly produced a pencil and set to work. She filled in her name in full, Age—twenty-two, Profession—teacher. Nations—Belgium. Flushing had to walk in single file past a group of officials, who interrogated them and examined their papers.

During the journey she sat in her corner like a mouse. At Folkestone came the "inquisition"—the ordeal which she had been so greatly dreading. The passengers of Flushing had to walk in single file past a group of officials, who interrogated them and examined their papers.

"Looking very tall and pretty in her long woollen coat and simple brown hat. She was very pale. 'Your nationality?' asked an official. 'German,' she replied in a low, deep voice."

"I see, madam," said the official cheerfully. He searched through some papers for a name. "He found it. Will you please sign your name here?" he asked.

"The girl signed the paper, then looked up, anxiously awaiting the official's decision. "That will be all right, thank you!" said the man with a smile.

Fraulein Leeba ran to the boat. During the journey she told a sympathetic Dutchwoman how sorry she was to say good-bye to her English girl friends and pupils. "We had such good times," she said, with tears in her eyes. "But, of course, I had to go."

At Flushing, the official Fraulein Leeba, a more placid look on her pleasant face, was last seen hurrying towards a train bound for Germany.

"BUTTERFLY GIRLS."

Fashions Which Are Popular at the Moment—Fantastic Boudoir Caps.

Butterflies all blue are now the chief feature of women's lingerie.

Ninon printers, with birds has been worn recently, but now butterflies, embroidered in silk, are the latest idea in the scheme of lingerie sets.

In Bond-street *The Daily Mirror* saw a set embroidered in this way before the war.

The garments were of white nylon, trimmed with black lace and embroidered with blue silk butterflies.

The nightdresses were trimmed at the décolletage with a striped blue and band of black lace, and the "butterflies all blue" were arranged on this.

Rest gowns and house gowns become more and more dainty, and boudoir caps are seen in most fantastic designs.

Although more petticoats are being worn and fuller dress skirts, there is practically no sign of any return of the "frillies" and "frou-frou" of the days before the "tube" gown came into existence.

ARMY PETS AT THE ZOO.

Many pets of officers and men going to the front are being sent to the Zoological Gardens.

The 2nd Infantry Brigade and the Divisional Ammunition Park of the Canadian Contingent have each sent a black bear to be taken care of. The two mascots are now on the Mappin Terraces.

No charge is made for looking after such pets," the superintendent stated. "Among them are four male blackbuck, the mascots of the Royal Warwickshire Regiments (1st and 2nd Battalions)."

WHY 'TOMMIES' FIGHT BETTER THAN HUNS.

Our Soldiers' Only Thought—"Smash Up the Foe."

FEARLESS OF RISKS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

A TOWN IN FRANCE, Dec. 27.—No Briton will admit that the Germans, man for man, are the equal of our soldiers, and our soldiers believe they have no equal.

That is the right spirit for a fighting man, and the spirit that wins.

I have often asked men who have been in the thick of the fighting for their version of the superiority of our men.

Many confess that they only know that, man for man, we are better and that is all they care about.

But I think the real reason was given me by a man of fifteen years' service, who has been wounded three times in the present war.

"Our chaps are better because they are not afraid of any Germans," he said.

EAGER TO GET AT GRIPS.

That must be it—they are not afraid. The word "enemy" does not cause fear nor even the hushed whisper, "The Germans are coming."

As my friend put it, "No matter what or who the enemy is, or whatever name you give him, whether Uhlans or Germans, it's just the same. He's got to be smashed up."

He gave me a case in point where men might very well have been a trifle shaky.

"In a hastily made trench close to the Germans a party of our men had been lying quiet for many weary hours. It was shortly before dawn and the men were cramped and drowsy, when a whispered word was passed, 'They're coming!'"

"'Coming, are they?' said a tall Irishman, forgetting the order for silence. 'Then off we go to meet 'em.'"

"Scarcely had he scrambled out when he fell back, shot through the head."

"It was a pity that man had not more respect for the enemy and had waited the order to fire from the trench."

CHARGING A WOOD.

"And another thing," said my soldier friend. "You should see our chaps take an order. Whatever the order may be, they are as cool as on a field day on Salisbury Plain."

"I was in a little affair near Noyon and got three bullets in me as a souvenir. Well, this is how we started off."

"Our little crowd were lined up and the officer in charge said: 'Now, you chaps, see that bit of wood right over there? Well, we are going to clear that machine gun out of it. Right on, sir!' came from several men in the ranks."

"You see, officers and men are pally when there is a risky job on, and you often hear men say things which they wouldn't if death did not face them."

"Well, we cleared that wood and got the machine guns—two of them; but there were not many of us who did not get hit."

"That shows you why our chaps are good. They don't ask questions, but just set about what they are told to do. And, as I said before, our chaps are not afraid of Germans."

"AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT."

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned yesterday at the inquest on Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Bernard Osborne, a Field, who was fatally injured by the fall of a biplane at Hendon.

Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Francis Strong, who saw the accident, said that in order to get quickly deceased dived steeply, was unable to recover himself and struck the ground with considerable force.

He (the witness) thought the accident was due to an error of judgment, as did Flight-Lieutenant Rodsill.

SPOKE 330,000 WORDS.

The Purple Cross Service for wounded and sick army horses was represented by Miss Lind-Af-Hageby at a conference of representatives from belligerent countries held in Geneva on Christmas Eve.

Miss Lind-Af-Hageby is the anti-sectarianist leader, and it will be remembered that last year she was a plaintiff in a law suit in which she spoke something like 330,000 words.

On the proposal of Miss Lind-Af-Hageby at the Geneva Conference, the foundation was laid of an organisation (modelled on the lines of the Red Cross Society) to render assistance to horses on the battlefield.

GOOD NEWS FOR A FATHER.

Mrs. Osborne, of 23, Selborne-avenue, Walthamstow, wishes her husband to know that a little daughter was born to her on December 16. Her letters to her husband, Private A. Osborne, of the 2nd Suffolk Regiment, appear to have gone astray.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—It is stated that the members of the French Academy will offer the seat rendered vacant by the death of Count de Mun to General Joffre.—Exchange.

OUR NAVAL AIRMEN'S SLAP IN THE FACE FOR ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

**Germans' Fatuous Effort
to Belittle Our
Brilliant Raid.**

**"CUXHAVEN NOT A SLEEPY
SCARBOROUGH."**

**Our Daring Airmen Only 20
Miles from the Kiel
Canal.**

**ALLIES' STEADY ADVANCE IN
BELGIUM.**

"Cuxhaven was not a sleepy Scarborough!" That is the fatuous comment of the German newspaper "Neue Hamburger Zeitung" on the brilliant British sea and air raid on Cuxhaven which was carried out on Christmas Day.

If Cuxhaven was not "caught napping," then the German inaction must have been the result of the paralysis of fright, for British light cruisers remained unmolested in the neighbourhood of Heligoland (from whence there is a submarine cable to Cuxhaven) for three hours in broad daylight.

And none of the "shoot and scoot" Dreadnought cruisers of the Kaiser's Navy showed their noses out of their cosy havens in the neighbourhood of Heligoland (from whence there is a "slap in the face" for Admiral von Tirpitz.

The Germans may well feel nervous about this dashing raid, for the Brunstbüll end of the Kiel Canal is only about twenty miles farther up the Elbe, and therefore Cuxhaven is the North Sea outpost guard for the hiding-place of the Kaiser's High Sea Fleet.

Of the seven pilots who went on this thrilling raid one alone has not returned—Flight Commander E. T. Hewlett, son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the novelist. His machine was seen in a wrecked condition eight miles off Heligoland.

The story of a novel battle in which the Undaunted and the saucy Arcthusa—our oil fuel warships—easily routed two Zeppelins is recorded in the Admiralty statement, and the whole English-speaking world yesterday was ringing with admiration of the daring feat.

**WHAT GERMANS SAY ABOUT
THE GREAT RAID.**

**Damage Done by British Seaplanes Said To Be
"Strictly Hushed Up."**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 28.—Yesterday's Berlin papers do not publish much comment on the Cuxhaven raid. The *Vorwärts* reproduces the official statement without any comment.

The Berlin *Tagblatt* calls the raid a miscarried attempt, and, having printed the official statement in heavy type, adds only a few lines stating that it is not clear what was meant by the raid, and suggesting that perhaps Great Britain desires to establish the position of German ships or to know whether a new attack was in preparation.

The *Neue Hamburger Zeitung* says:—"Cuxhaven was not a sleepy Scarborough. Everybody was on duty. The enemy having sent airmen in advance, we prepared for them a worthy reception."

"The difference was that our airmen and Zeppelins dropped bombs which hit and the English dropped missiles which fell beside the objects aimed at."

"The gasometer of Cuxhaven is still undamaged, but it is a question whether the British gunboats are still navigable, the German bombs being much better aimed."

Berlin telegrams state that the British attack on Cuxhaven caused the greatest excitement throughout the Empire. The damage done by British hydroplanes is strictly hushed up, and the German official reports studiously minimise it, but the consequences of the attack are believed to be great.

There is considerable criticism among the German public of the inefficiency of the mine-field in the German Bight, through which the British cruisers so easily made their way—Exchange.

HOW RAID WAS MADE.

Here is the official story of the raid as given to the world by the Secretary to the Admiralty: ADMIRALTY, Dec. 27.—On Friday, the 26th inst., German warships lying in Schillig roads off Cuxhaven were attacked by seven naval seaplanes, piloted by the following officers:—

Flight Commander Douglas A. Oliver, R.N.
Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N.
Flight Commander Robert P. Ross, R.N.
Flight Commander Cecil P. Kings, R.N.
Flight Lieutenant Arnold C. Miles, R.N.
Flight Lieutenant H. K. Edmunds, R.N.
Flight Sub-Lieutenant Vivian Gaskell Blackburn, R.N.

The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland. The seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and destroyer force, together with submarines.

As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans from Heligoland, two Zeppelins, three or four hostile seaplanes and several hostile submarines attacked them.

It was necessary for the British ships to remain in the neighbourhood in order to pick up the returning airmen, and a novel combat ensued between the most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's aircraft and submarines on the other.

By swift manoeuvring the enemy's submarines were avoided, and the two Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arcthusa.

The enemy's seaplanes succeeded in dropping their bombs near to our ships, though without hitting any.

The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast without being molested by any surface vessel, and safely re-embarked three out of the seven airmen with their machines.

Three other pilots who returned later were picked up, according to arrangement, by British submarines which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

OUR RECORD—AND THEIRS.

As the Germans have long claimed the sovereignty of the air, it is interesting to note the records of the respective nations since the war began.

THE BRITISH RECORD.

CUXHAVEN—Bombs dropped by naval airmen on warships and the gasworks.

ESSEN, Airship Factories—Bombs dropped on Krupp's.

DUSSELDORF, Airship Sheds—Raided twice by British naval airmen. Damage done in each case.

COLOGNE, Airship Shed—Bombs dropped by British naval airmen and railway station damaged.

BRUSSELS, Airship and Aeroplane Base—Bombs dropped on shed reported to contain Parseval airship.

ZEEBRUGGE, German Submarine Base—Bombs dropped by British naval airmen. Lock gates damaged.

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, Chief Zeppelin Factory—British naval airmen cause serious damage.

THE GERMAN RECORD.

DOVER—German bomb exploded in a garden and killed a cabbage.

SHEERNESS—German aeroplanes flew over Sheerness, and was chased away by British aircraft. No damage done.

Where is Germany's much-vaunted superiority?

submarines which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

Six out of the seven pilots, therefore, returned safely. Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, R.N., is, however, missing.

His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland, and the fate of this daring and skilful pilot is at present unknown.

The extent of the damage by the British airmen's bombs cannot be estimated, but all were discharged on points of military significance.

To the above Admiralty message is also attached the following announcement:—

On Thursday last Squadron Commander Richard B. Davies, R.N., of the Naval Air Service, visited Brussels in a Maurice Farman biplane for the purpose of dropping twelve bombs on an airship shed reported to contain a German Parseval.

Eight of these bombs, of which six are believed to have hit, were discharged at the first attack, and the remaining four on the return flight.

Owing to the clouds of smoke which arose from the shed the effect could not be distinguished.

Navy Zeppelins' Home.

For the past year and a half Cuxhaven, the fortified port at the mouth of the Elbe, has been the principal German naval airship base.

There, in a series of revolving sheds, each capable of housing two of the largest Zeppelins, the German Admiralty has planned to mobilise its fleet of dirigibles for "The Day" of the threatened Zeppelin raid on Britain.

Seventy-three miles from Hamburg, Cuxhaven is chiefly celebrated as the gateway of that famous inland port, and as the point of arrival and departure for the Hamburg-America Line's ocean fleet.

In 1912 it was decided to convert Cuxhaven into a first-class fortified base, and many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in strengthening its defensive works.

Flotillas of destroyers and submarines have also been stationed there in recent times, operating in conjunction with the more important base of Heligoland, only a few miles distant from the North Sea.

As Zeppelins were perfected and Admiral von Tirpitz reluctantly became convinced that the airship had its uses for the fleet, he carried out a scheme to make Cuxhaven the base for German naval airships.

**AUSTRIANS ADMIT THEY
HAVE BEEN FORCED BACK.**

**Russia's Haul of 10,000 Prisoners—Enemy
Hurled Across River.**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 27.—The official communiqué issued in Vienna is as follows:—

The situation in the Carpathians is unchanged. The Russian offensive between Rymnów and Tuchow forced our troops to fall back a short distance in the district before the Galician Carpathians.

Hostile attacks on the Lower Danajee and on the Lower Nida failed.

All the territory of the Dual Monarchy, with the exception of insignificant frontier districts in Bosnia and Herzegovina and Southern Dalmatia, is now free of the enemy.—Reuter.

An official communiqué issued at Petrograd, says Reuter, states that on December 25 the Austrians were driven across the River Nida.

South of the Upper Vistula, in the Sarnow region (in Galicia), the Austrians were repulsed from the line Tuchow-Olpin. The enemy abandoned ten quick-firing guns, forty-three officers and more than 2,500 soldiers.

In the direction of Dukla, the Austrians were repulsed from the line Zmigrod-Dukla (in the Carpathians), and they are now in full retreat.

During the last battles in this district the Austrians suffered enormous losses, leaving in Russian hands as prisoners 10,000 men.

**TURKEY'S NAVAL "JACK
THE GIANT KILLER."**

**Fairy Tale of Single Ship That Victoriously
Engaged Russian Fleet of Seventeen Vessels.**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 27.—An official communiqué issued in Constantinople states that on the Caucasian front the Turkish Army is prosecuting its victorious advance.

Another official communiqué contradicts the official Russian report from Sebastopol that the Hamidieh had been torpedoed off that town.

It is officially stated that a Turkish fleet, including the Hamidieh, steamed through the Black Sea and returned to Constantinople undamaged.

"On December 24," continues the communiqué, "one of our war vessels met a Russian fleet of seventeen ships, five battleships, two cruisers, ten torpedo-boats and three mine-layers. It was, therefore, one Turkish ship against seventeen enemy ships."

"During the night our vessel opened an attack, successfully bombarded the battleship Rostislav and sank two mine-layers—the Oleg and the Athos. Two officers and thirty Russian sailors were rescued and taken prisoners."

"At the same time another part of our fleet successfully bombarded Batum. On the morning of the 25th our ships offered battle to the above-mentioned Russian fleet, which, however, retreated to Sebastopol."—Reuter.

PERMOOR, Dec. 27.—The Turks have been driven from the district of Transthevoch.

Great assistance was given by the Black Sea Fleet, which bombarded the shore where the Turks had concentrated.—Central News.

**ALLIES REACH FOOT OF
THE BELGIAN DUNES.**

**Over Eight Hundred Yards of
First Line Trenches Wrested
from Foe.**

HUNS FORTIFY ANTWERP.

The Germans are being pushed back steadily in Belgium, where the Allies have now reached the foot of the dunes.

There has been violent fighting to the south of Ypres, and the Allies have lost a section of their trenches. But the lost ground will be won back.

A considerable success has been gained by the Allies in the region of Lens, 800 yards of first line trenches having been wrested from the foe.

TRENCH LINE WON.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium we have continued our advance to the west of Lombartzyde and are now at the foot of the dunes on which the enemy has established his line of resistance.

To the south of Ypres we have lost a section of trenches near Hollebeke.

In the Lens region, near Areny, the enemy in face of our attack has given up over 800 yards of his first line trenches.

In the valley of the Aisne and in Champagne there has been an intermittent cannonade, which has been especially intense in the Rheims district and in the region of Perthes, where the enemy had made a special mark of the positions we had captured to the west of that locality.

On the heights of the Meuse there has been slight progress on the part of our troops along the whole front.

In the Vosges the enemy has bombarded the railway station of St. Die. The railway service has not been interrupted.

In Upper Alsace German counter-attack to the north-east of Steinbach was repulsed.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 28.—To-day's official communiqué issued in Berlin says:—

Near Nieuport the enemy renewed his offensive movements, but without any result.

South of Ypres hostile trenches were captured and some dozens of prisoners taken.

Strong attacks of the enemy in the neighbourhood to the north-west of Arras were repulsed.—Central News.

GERMANS IN RETREAT.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—An important movement is believed to have resulted from successful French operations around Soissons.

The Germans are said to be retreating, after having lost much ground.—Central News.

PREPARING FOR SIEGE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 27.—The Antwerp correspondent of the *Handelsblad* learns from German officers that some 200,000 German troops are in the district of Antwerp.

They have been ordered to defend the position if it is besieged by the Allies.

It is reported that it is the plan of campaign of the General Staff to defend a line of fortifications from Roulers to Ghent.

The latter town, however, is to be evacuated if the Germans should be obliged to retreat.

Fort Waelhem has been completely abandoned, while the works at Fort Wavre St. Katherine are making great progress.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 28.—Reports to hand indicate that the Allies are progressing in their attacks in South-West Belgium.—Central News.

THE 'WIT' OF THE NANCY WOMEN-SLAYERS.

Silly Messages Dropped on the Town by the Zeppelin Pilots.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—The correspondent of the *Journal* at Nancy, describing the German Zeppelin raid on that town, writes:—

On Saturday morning at 5.20 a tremendous explosion was heard.

The dirigible then flew from west to east, scattering projectiles, killing two persons.

Twelve other bombs wounded people in different parts of the town, including some soldiers, while a house occupied by General de Lavilleon suffered severely, as did the church of St. Epreux.

Two bombs were thrown almost on top of the President Carnot monument.

As the Zeppelin flew away from Nancy the pilot dropped an envelope containing a French bullet and the photographs of two German officers, with witty inscriptions, such as "A happy Christmas," "A little present from the Emperor William," "A souvenir of German airmen from the Kaiser."—Reuter.



Waiting and watching for the arrival of one of the enemy's aeroplanes, which has been signalled.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO RIDE AT WOOLWICH.



A very refractory mount.



Teaching his horse to lie down.

"Making cavalry" is one of the most important tasks entrusted to those who are now training Lord Kitchener's Army. Although a man may be a good horseman, he is

not necessarily an expert cavalry rider. The work going on in the military riding schools is of a most important character.

SOLDIER SON.



Mr. Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the Prime Minister, has been granted a commission in the Queen's Westminster Rifles.

DIED SUNDAY.



Lord Henry Grosvenor died on Sunday morning at his residence at Queenby Hall, Leicester. He was in his fifty-fourth year.

ASTRAKHAN COAT.



A useful astrakhan travelling coat with a large black fox collar.—(Model coat by Tengwall, Paris; photograph by Austin, Paris.)

IRISH GUARD.



Sergeant-Major A. Munns, of the Irish Guards, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry on the battlefield.

BRAVE BUCKS.



Private Hall, 2nd Battalion Bucks Light Infantry, has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for helping to drive Germans from trench.

END OF THE JOURNEY.



A London motor-omnibus after it had completed a journey in France under German shell fire. It was badly knocked about, but managed to get through the journey successfully. The London motor-omnibus has been one of the most useful "engines of war."

A LETTER FROM HOME.



A British soldier at the front in France photographed while reading a letter which he has received from home. Many thousands of letters have been sent to our troops at the front from relations and friends in England during the Christmas season.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1914.

THE 'TERRIBLE SURPRISE.'

THE GERMANS are supposed to have given the world an accomplished instance of a well-drilled race, ready at a moment's notice to do, say, or think anything its rulers may command it. It has certainly proved so on many occasions. And yet, every now and then, one perceives a lack of sufficient uniformity in the drill. Somebody's feet do not quite mark the line. Somebody else has fallen out and is straggling visibly. It ought to be the concern of those blindly obeyed rulers to round up these inconsistent ones without delay.

Take the matter of war-frightfulness and the spirit now supposed to be animating Germany. At the beginning of the war, all toed the line for war-frightfulness and, whatever excuses may have been fabricated to account for the origin of the quarrel, all agreed that the method of settling it must be uncompromising. We had in consequence the world-famous results of this Kriegsdoctrin: we had it at Louvain, Rheims, Scarborough. We have it again, for the hundredth time, in the new rage-choked utterances of poor Count Reventlow, who is always choking over something, who was choking before the war about Morocco and is now sputtering about England. And what does Count Reventlow say? Referring to the East Coast bombardment he says "that Germany has far more terrible surprises in store for England, and every English person—man, woman and child—had better realise that she will not put on gloves to wage this war, the successful issue of which for Germany depends on her carrying it on without mercy and being unmoved by any humanitarian considerations."

"Without mercy—unmoved by any humanitarian consideration—war-frightfulness": how familiar are all these and many similar phrases becoming on the lips of German diplomats and statesmen. They have been drilled so, and as the drill corresponds in this instance to all that is base in human nature, it naturally succeeds easily. "Be brutes and be brutes all together"—so order the War Lords.

But, meanwhile, how is it that what is meant for a dove-like cooing, but sounds unfortunately more like a frog-like croaking, comes continuously from other Germans scattered about the world, in America and elsewhere? Why is it that war-frightfulness is by no means so uniformly recommended as it should be? Why, in America especially, do we read of these excuses for what men like Count Reventlow and Herr Harden say? These excuses are clearly explicable. They mean that, elsewhere than in Germany, war-brutality raised to its highest degree doesn't go down with the public. Only in Germany does it pay.

Hence we conclude—we who thought we knew something of Germany and found so much to love in her before these last few months—we conclude that the most "terrible surprise" that Germany has sprung upon all the world in 1914 is not so much her actual bombardments and futile deeds of frightfulness, as the mind and spirit behind them, so boastfully revealed. The surprise is not in the bombs, but in the discovery of how far Prussian leadership has succeeded in perverting the sense of a race, so as to make it fume and rage and boast through its recognised representatives at home, while through its representatives abroad it is trying to coo and only managing to croak.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2id. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

OUR BELGIAN GUESTS.

MY OWN two Belgians have been extremely kind, especially in helping our household to understand the best in their literature.

This is one more thing we owe to them, and if after this they make a few criticisms of us, I am sure we accept them in good part and do not feel in the least disposed to complain. C. D. Hammersmith.

THE WAR AS EXCUSE.

THE WAR, terrible though it is, has come as a boon to that class of people who are always making excuses—namely, the mean, incapable and lazy. "Owing to the war," they tell us, they are not sending any Christmas cards this year (and incidentally helping to throw the printers

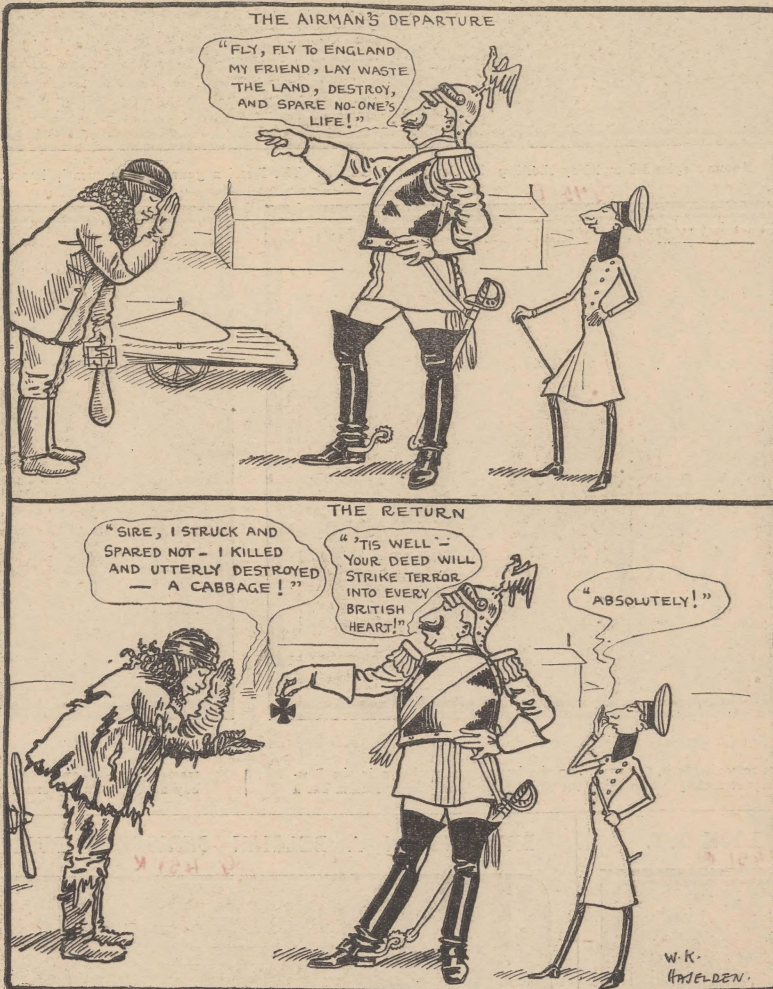
commit another crime. He only recognises his delinquency in proportion to its punishment, and then with him it goes under the heading of "misadventure"—he being of the sort who are taught "it ain't no crime unless you're caught." Forest Hill. MORTIMER SULLIVAN.

THE NON-STOP OMNIBUS.

THERE IS NO reason why women, hampered as they are by skirts, should attempt to board an omnibus on the move, and no gentleman would expect them to do so.

Is "X." aware that the omnibuses themselves warn people against entering these vehicles while in motion, and will not accept responsibility for any accidents from this cause? Might I ask if "X." refers to women of all ages, and would expect an old lady of ninety to dash

THE WILLIES' WAR-FRIGHTFULNESS FOR ENGLAND



They are always boasting about the terrors in store for us. After many threats it usually ends in the destruction of a back-garden, with an Iron Cross for the destroyer.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and designers out of work. "Owing to the war," they have neglected their correspondence, missed their appointments and forgotten to pay their bills.

It is interesting to note that these people are usually the ones who have neither friend nor relative in the fighting line, but use the greatest tragedy of the world as a trivial excuse for their own errors. ANTI-HUMBUG.

THEIR "REPENTANCE."

WE ARE ASKED, "Does repentance follow crime?"

Yes; but only under circumstances. If the offence be committed inadvertently, under provocation or temptation, and the offender be of the sensitive, conscientious class, then he will repent of the crime, whether punished or not; but if he be of the low-bred, hardened and depraved class, then the term "repentance" has no signification for him unless he has been caught and punished for his crime—if not, his escape is only an incentive to

down a street and clamber upon a swiftly-moving omnibus? QUERY.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew These from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay coiled Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, Whilst flow'rs and leaf and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life? —BLANCO WHITE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Blessed is he who converts necessity into a ready will.—Alein.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Joy and Sorrows of the Men in Training This Christmas.

CHRISTMAS JOES.

IN MY BATTALION at Hatfield—one of those training for active service—we finished work for the day at 12.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve—this was good luck for all but those on guard and picket duties.

On guard they are on duty for twenty-four hours—two hours on and four off—the latter they spend in the bleak guardroom. The ordinary picket is a minor affair; you clean your buttons, belt, rifle, etc., and parade with the other "duties" at headquarters and are drilled and examined for about half an hour and then dismissed.

But there is another picket; known here as a stable picket. On this you are on duty for twelve hours at the transport section and you guard horses at the rate of two hours on and four off. The transport section is stationed in a huge farmyard place which is awfully muddy and desolate, and you carry a lantern about during your two hours on, and when you are off you sleep in a barn with friendly rats.

On Christmas Day those in authority had very sensibly stopped all rations, and made an allowance to each man as naturally everyone has something sent down. I think the regulation allowance per man is 1s. 7d.

We had to explain on Wednesday for the benefit of the authorities how we would spend our money.

One wag wrote on his slip—there were four in his billet and the money to be spent was 12s.—Turkey 10s., vegetables 1s., bacon 10d., pills 2d. At the moment of writing the captain's orders are that those four men shall parade specially to take the pills. J. F. W.

NOT WELL PLEASED.

ONE OF YOUR correspondents complained of getting only forty-eight hours' leave. Let me relate the Christmas experience of our men.

We were first granted leave, but on Christmas Eve all leave was suddenly stopped.

We didn't mind that, for we looked upon it as a sacrifice, which should be cheerfully made at a time like this; but the point which upset us was the cavalier fashion in which we were treated on Christmas Day.

I should explain that when leave was stopped we were all confined to a billeting area, and were not even allowed into the town—a five minute's walk—to buy a few dainties to add to the Army rations of meat and potatoes, so as to celebrate Christmas Day in a decent way. We had a church parade, followed by company drill and a route march in the afternoon.

If the men in the trenches have orders given them to celebrate Christmas as best they can, surely a little consideration might be shown to the men who are training in England.

Let some of the men who complain of short leave compare their case with ours.

ONE OF THE FIFTEEN.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 23.—Roses and a few other climbers produce delightful effects when trained against trees. Old trees in an orchard are suitable for this purpose.

A large and deep hole should be got out at some little distance from the tree and filled with good fresh soil. The rose can then be planted and the shoots led up to the branches by means of a short post. Excelsa, Ruga, Dundee Rambler, Dorothy Perkins, American Pillar, and Hiawatha are some fine roses for growing on trees.

Honeysuckles and the lovely white mountain clematis (montana) should also be tried.

E. F. T.

RUSSIA'S FIGHT AGAINST THE CENTRAL EMPIRES OF EUROPE.

Orig. ret. by M. Rickens

942 B



Russia's splendid artillery shelling the Germans in Galicia. The Russian gunners have greatly improved since the Manchurian campaign.

942 B

942 B



Russian artillery fording a river in Galicia.

Nothing has been more remarkable in this war than the improvement shown in the Russian artillery and transport arrangements since the Manchurian campaign. Russia has a



Bringing the gun up on to dry land again.

tremendous task on hand, but she is holding the mighty forces of Germany and Austria at bay and will finally crush her way to complete victory.

A BELGIAN LOOK-OUT.

9451 C



A Belgian military look-out in Flanders observing the movements of German troops. The Belgian Army is fighting splendidly.

BRINGING IN A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

9451 K



The Belgian Army, which has been reformed and is now back in the firing line, doing splendid work, thoroughly enjoyed its Christmas puddings, like the rest of the Allies. The puddings were carried by cavalry from place to place.

THE ATROCITY STORY.

T. 16455



Kate Hume, of Dumfries, a typist, accused at Edinburgh of forging letters stating that her sister was mutilated by Germans.

SERBIA'S ARMIES IN THE FIELD: THEY ROUTED AUSTRIA.

Write Page 133 B



A night scene with the Serbian Army. Round the camp fires during a bivouac.



Serbian patrol in action behind a cattle stall.



The 4th Serbian Regiment crossing the heights of Goutchiva.



Serbian infantry regiment going into action at Rojagne.

These photographs of the Serbian Army in action illustrate the successful campaign which this heroic little country has waged against the Austrian bully. Although the Austrians, moving forward with enormously superior forces, were able to march into



Serbian soldiers bringing up ammunition at Goutchivo, where they secured a victory.



Serbian wounded receiving first aid.

Belgrade, they were unable to hold the Serbian capital. The Serbians have everywhere defeated the Austrian hosts, who have played the most ignominious part of any army in the war. Serbia has done splendid work for the common cause of the Allies.

PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure
Virginia Tobacco

10 FOR 2^{1d.}/₂

20 FOR 5^{d.}

50 FOR 1/-

Types of
British Army—
Infantry Entrenched
With Machine Gun.



Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



Human Fear in War and Peace

In War the element of human fear is of paramount importance, and has decided the destiny of nations. In peace it has sealed the fate of numberless individuals.

Alexander the Great was careful to propitiate fear by lavish sacrifices previous to leading his legions into action, while to-day the methods of instilling fear into men's minds in order to paralyse their actions have a prominent place in certain philosophies of conquest.

Young children in particular can never, with impunity be subjected to fear, and thus it is that authorities on the subject with one accord advise the use of a Night Light where a child evinces a dread of the dark.

Therefore, use Night Lights, and use the best.

Price's Night Lights

The Largest Sale in the World.

CHILD'S,
PALMITINE STAR,

ROYAL CASTLE,
CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

Sold Everywhere.



Pure Milk for Babies

In feeding children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance. A young infant is quickly upset by sour or infected milk. The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are made from perfectly fresh full-cream milk, so modified as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk. The method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with harmful germs. No diarrhoea or digestive troubles need be feared when the 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The Allenburys' Foods

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

ALLEN & HANBURY LTD., 37, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS. At 8.15. Harry Grattan's Revue ODDS AND ENDS. Preceded by Mrs. Hanako in "Oaks". Special Xmas Mats. To-morrow, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
APOLLO. At 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. CHARLES HAWTREY IN A MESSAGE FROM MARS. COMEDY. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN TWO OF MY HEARTS.
DALY'S, Leicester-square. EVENINGS, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices).
DRURY LANE. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY-BEAUTIFIED. George Graves, Will Evans, Portman Wallis. Box-office open all day. Gerard 2588.
DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 2 o'clock. CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY at 2, and THURS. and SAT. EVENINGS, at 8.
GARRICK. THE DOUBLE MYSTERY. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. (9th Performance To-night). ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
GLOBE-OSCAR ASOME and LILY BRAYTON in MAMMENA. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.
HAYMARKET. At 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.
HIS MAJESTY'S. CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION. DAVID COPPFIELD. Evenings at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sat., at 2.
HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD. KINGSWAY. Evenings, at 8. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.
THE DYNASTS, by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker.
LITTLE. THE COCKYOLLY BIRD. DAILY, at 2.30. A real Children's Play, the success of last Xmas. Children half-price to reserved seats. Tel. City 4927.
LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.
PLAYHOUSE. Lessee, Mr. Cyril Maude. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, and Twice Daily.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROI. Popular Prices (Tel. City 5182, Gerr. 3970).

PRINCE OF WALES. CHARGEY'S AUNT. TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8. Popular Prices. Reserved, 1s. to 5s. Tel. Gerr. 7482-3.
ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. MAT., THURS., SAT., at 2.30.
SCALA. KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Animated War Map. Augmented as situation develop.
SHAFTESBURY. F. R. BENSON and Co. in HENRY V. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEE, Dec. 30, Jan. 1 and 2, at 2.
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. OUR BOYS, To-night, 8.45. Preceded, 8.15 and 2.30, by "A Man of Ideas". XMAS MATINEES, To-morrow, Thurs. and Sat., 5.
ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime). Varieties at 8. Revue at 8.30. Mat., Friday, 2.30.
HIPPODROME. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, "BUSINESS AS USUAL". VIOLET LORAIN, UNITY MORRIS, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER.
PALACE. The Xmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW with Bransby Williams, Nelson Keys, Gwendoline Brogren, Mado Minty, Lewis Spring and Halham. (New Scenes, New Songs, Tableau, "Le Reve"). Albert Whelan. War Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.
PALLADIUM. G-10 and 9. LITTLE TICH, WISH WYNE, JACK and EVELYN, NAIDIE SCOT, T. F. DUNVILLE, MAX MOORE, DUPREZ, ERNIE LOTINGA and Co., FARE and FARLAND, etc.
PANTOMIME. Matinees Daily, at 2.30. DICK WHITTINGTON. Clarice Mayne, Harry Weldon, and Co. of 150 Artists. MASKELVNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, Oxford Circus, W.—NEW CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 5s.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH. LADY BOLD'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired—Call to write, Secs. 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Curfio, in Sloane-street, is being tempted by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Curfio. As she speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrist and draws her towards him, until she is aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your servant," Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

"It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her."

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been suffering from a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and practically destitute. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £200,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells him she must speak to him privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is, and finds a dead man. Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers return to India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysdike, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sir George Clair, who has been married to Valerie, is found dead in his study at Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marazoff, the famous oculist, sees John Hillier, and states confidently that he can restore his sight. Hillier goes to London for an operation.

The operation is successful. Dr. Marazoff is told the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as ever.

THE HOMECOMING.

LONG before the completion of the three weeks that must elapse before the bandages were finally removed from his eyes, Hillier succeeded in persuading Marazoff to allow him to complete the remainder of his treatment at home. It is astonishing how easy it is to compass your own way when you are master of £200,000 a year. That was how Hillier explained the oculist's somewhat unexpected compliance to Sylvia, when he told her that she might pack up and leave the Bloomsbury hotel at once.

After the anguish of that day of suspense

when she had met Laurence Seton in the Roman Gallery at the British Museum, there had seemed to be another lull in the warfare of her fate.

Life flowed on very smoothly. Most of the days were spent in the pleasant sitting-room of the little suite at the nursing home, chatting to her husband or reading his letters. Once or twice the missionary had joined the party, and then it had been merry indeed.

And, characteristically, Sylvia had been content to sleep herself in the present.

Whilst Jack did not know the truth, whilst he still loved her, nothing mattered. Not Stanhope Lane, living at his ease, virtual master of the big house at West Hailes; not Edith Seton, installed as governess to Sir George Clair's children in some tumble-down Manor House set in a crease of the Hampshire downs.

If she had ever known that Clair had been previously married Sylvia had forgotten it. As a matter of fact, Valerie had talked very little about the man with whom she had contracted a friendship.

It was Laurence Seton who told her the story. "Rather a tragic history altogether," he had said. "A foolish and erring wife, who died estranged from him. The father, a vindictive man who visited the sins of the mother upon the innocent children. They have been most terribly neglected. Now I hear that on his second marriage retribution has followed him."

And, in substance, he repeated the story that Stanhope Lane had told over the dinner-table at Greysdike, of the unknown woman who had married Clair and left him practically at the church door—the woman who, as Sylvia could not doubt, was her own sister Valerie.

But even these thoughts were content to let recede into the background, whilst she drifted down the slow and pleasant stream of the hours of Hillier's convalescence in the nursing home.

And now to be told that this interlude must cease—that they were to return to Greysdike with all its duties and responsibilities; to Stanhope Lane with his dark, expressionless eyes that watched her night and day; to the army of servants, men and women, who watched her, too, and passed their own judgment upon her in the terrible tribunal of the servants' hall.

"Oh, Jack... do you think it wise?" she had said.

"Dear old girl, you're as fit as a fiddle as a hen with one chicken! Of course, it's wise. Besides, I want to be back at home. I'm deadly sick and tired of this place. I never want to hear the crackle of a starched apron again so long as I live."

Something in Sylvia's woman's heart rejoiced a little at this. They had been so exceedingly attractive and attentive, these nurses; they had treated her with such a professional severity.

"So to-morrow, bag and baggage, we go back to Greysdike," Hillier said.

"Yes, Jack," Sylvia dutifully responded. And it was very pleasant to arrive in the dusk at the quadrilateral station, to receive the respectful salutations of the station-master, to drive in the open car through the fragrant country roads, with now and again, a little gust of a breeze scattering a shower of white daisies or the lavender stars of the lilacs over your lap.

If only the drive could last for ever; if only the road that stretched ascending, white and mysterious, looking in the dusk, led on and on to some new, unpeopled world. But at the end of the drive was the big grey house, and the tall, slim figure of a man, waiting in welcome at the top of the steps, silhouetted against the mellow, waning glow of the hall.

All the fears for the future, materialised in the person of that one man out of the past, waiting for her, waiting... at the end of the long white road.

Hillier was strangely silent during the drive. More than once Sylvia glanced apprehensively at the still figure at her side. But so much as she could see of the profile told her little. She was in the dusk, and the banes, early waded in the glass, and the shadowy outline of the strong chin.

"Valerie, you've no idea how glad I am to be going home," he said suddenly. "I had grown weary of that place. There's such a confounded amount of red tape, you know. Oh, such a lot of humbug. It's such a pity. But there's a lot of the charlatan in Marazoff. Oh, he's clever. I grant you that—miraculously clever. But everything that he does or says has in its own studied place in a grand scenic effect. I could feel that in every fibre of me whilst I was there."

"The home is run on very practical lines, Jack," Sylvia said. She hardly knew why, but she felt vaguely uneasy at this criticism of Marazoff and his methods.

Hillier said nothing. The silence descended between them again, but she heard him sigh impatiently more than once, was conscious of the nervous movement of his always very eloquent hands.

The car swung in through the great gates, past the curtseying lodge-keeper and through the dim aisles of the drive. Against the grey of the sky, still shot to the west with sunset glows, the dark hood of the horse looked black and immense; its windows stared out at her fiercely, like great yellow, questioning eyes.

Then, just as he had pictured it, she saw Lane's slim figure silhouetted against the orange light of the hall.

He came down to the side of the car. "It's really most awfully jolly to have you coming back like this. Sir John, is one to be allowed to congratulate you. I must—"

Ingenuous boyish phrases that jarred intolerably on Sylvia, as she looked at Lane's dark, smiling face and thought of the manner of man he was. Even before she had descended from the car she felt all the shadows and fears that had left her free for a space wrap round her, close and chilling.

It was a relief to her that Hillier showed a marked anxiety to get to his rooms at once. She dreaded more than she could have expressed having to stand there and listen to this man's insincere congratulations and inquiries.

Yet, after the first moment of conventional greeting, he had not so much as looked at her. "Valerie"—at the top of the staircase, before they separated to go to their rooms, Hillier laid his hand on her arm—Lane's an awfully good son and all that, but—do you think he'd be hurt if we dined together, just to-night, in your own sitting-room?"

"I don't know," she whispered back, with a little break of laughter in her voice. "I shall greatly care, to be perfectly honest. But I shall expect you to dine with me—a deux—to-night. Jack, that's a bargain."

"Right oh! You make the apologies," he said. Sylvia dispatched a discreet messenger to Mr. Lane the instant she entered her bedroom.

To be relieved from the necessity of his presence, even for an hour, was an unspeakable relief.

THE SECOND TEMPTATION.

IT was very quiet here in Sylvia's pleasant sitting-room. Dinner was over and had been cleared away; only one light burned—a shaded lamp in the corner half the room.

Here, near the open French window where they sat, the room was half in shadow, silver shot with the light of the young moon. It cast a curious chequered shadow on the folds of Sylvia's white gown as she sat, leaning forward, looking out at the beauty of the garden spaces.

"There's a nightingale down in that copse beyond the sunk rose garden—can't you hear it?" Hillier broke out. "By rights there ought to be a moon and just a little silver dancing haze across the lawns between the groups of the cedars."

"Is," said Sylvia, looking intently across the garden.

"And you're here beside me. I can feel the softness of your hair, and I can't see you. Valerie—it's monstrous. I—I can't bear this dark part any longer. It's all part of Marazoff's preposterous system, this force of keeping my eyes bandaged for all these weeks."

There was a certain violence in his voice. This was not mere grumbling. He spoke as a man whose patience has come absolutely to an end.

In the shadow by the window Sylvia's slim body stiffened a little. She drew away from him. The meaning of his outburst in the dark as they drove home had become apparent to her.

"I've tried to bear it," the bitter, excited voice went on. "But I can't endure it no longer. I cannot understand. To know that one has sight—yet to have the world shut-out from one's eyes. I tell you, Valerie—I have not said so much to you before—but at that confounded nursing home once I saw a girl have a patch of the wall—hair bright in the sun, like poor little Sylvia's hair. It nearly killed me to keep the bandages on—it nearly killed me."

Sitting there, crouched away from him, Sylvia wondered if he could hear the sudden wild beating of her heart. Was that one day when the bandages had slipped, and he had given a startled exclamation that, for the moment, had driven the blood from her heart?

You're very silent. It doesn't seem to matter much to you what I am suffering! Hillier cried out, querulously. "I tell you—I'm not going to endure it any longer. I'm going to remove these infernal bandages—now!"

He made a movement of his hand, and Sylvia sprang forward with a little cry.

"Oh, no, Jack! No—no! You couldn't be so foolish! You couldn't be such a coward."

The words came breathlessly. He felt her little fingers tightened, almost fiercely, in his arm, and in his present strange irresponsible, exalted mood, her opposition strengthened his resolve.

His left hand closed down over her warring fingers.

"I will if I wish. And I do wish, Valerie. I wish to see your face here in the moonlight, the shadows about your eyes, your little white face like a flower in the cloud of your hair. I must see you, Valerie. I can wait no longer."

Unconsciously the force he was exerting over her was strong, almost brutal. She felt her senses reel a little, with pain, with another feeling, strange and overmastering, the desire to let him do this thing he threatened and abide by the consequences.

Only Dr. Marazoff's instructions had been so clear, the matron's last words so emphatic— "Whatever happens, the bandages must not be removed from Sir John's eyes in a lighted room, or I cannot be responsible for the consequences. Any strong light would be absolutely fatal."

Was the moon a strong light—the moon that was shining full on the poor face with the working mouth? Just to let him do this thing he seemed to do, and sink into the shadows... It would be so easy!

"Oh, no, Jack—oh, no!"

But I want to see you, little parrot. Valerie, I love you. I must see you."

(Continued on page 11.)

"Relief at last"

says Mrs. F. C. Wells, of Watford
Read her letter of 9th Dec., 1914:—

"I have given Ficolax a fair trial and can truly say it has worked wonders. I can never be without it in the house. My case has been one of constipation from when I was a girl at school, so you may be sure how pleased I am at being able to obtain relief at last. I have now only to take half a teaspoonful if I feel at all out of sorts. I have recommended it to all my friends and they themselves are very pleased with it. You can give my address or show this letter to anyone, and I shall be only too pleased to tell others what good Ficolax has done me."

Ficolax

Cures Constipation

Large Bottles, 1/4, Family size 2/9. Of all Chemists.
The Ficolax Co., 30, Graham Street, London, N.

SAVE MONEY DURING THE WAR

Day and Martin, the British Firm established over 140 years, have brought out the "D. and M. Economic Disc," which fits over the top of the polish and prevents waste by allowing just enough Boot polish to be taken out by the brush. The "Economic Disc" can be used with a 1d. tin of D. and M. Daymar Polish or with a 2d. tin of most other polishes. This is because the D. and M. Daymar Disc fits practically the same size as the 2d. tins of almost all other makes, and by using the "Disc" the supply will last at least three times as long. Send Id. stamp for "Economic Disc" or 2 stamps for Disc and Polish. Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, E.

BORAX

DRY SOAP

Away with Dirt.

Use Borax Dry Soap for all scouring and cleansing. It helps housework, and leaves healthy sweetness and brightness everywhere. Just as good for washing clothes.

Sold in 1lb. Packets everywhere.

Sample sent post free, on request.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., BIRMINGHAM.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

WILL YOU HELP THE LARGEST FAMILY OF ORPHANS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.

7,500 CHILDREN, WITH THANK-OFFERING FOR THE COMFORTS YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS CHRISTMAS.

10/- maintains the most vast work for one minute.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least one minute you are helping yourself to the work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Kindly make donations "Daily Mirror Xmas Gift." Cheques and Orders payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and Parcels may be addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., 18 to 26, STEPHEN'S CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Royal Autograph Albums.

I was talking to a "woman who knows" about royal hobbies the other day, and she told me autograph albums are greatly favoured by those who live in palaces and are of royal blood. One of the most interesting of these albums that she has seen, she tells me, is that of Queen Amelie of Portugal, in which are recorded the views of scores of "personages" upon one or more of three questions which the album contains.

Do Women Like Ugly Men?

These questions are:—I. "What sort of men do women prefer?" II. "What qualities does a woman look for in man?" and III. "Do women love ugly men?" In answer to the third question the Tsarina wrote: "Yes, I think there are women who admire ugly men—if they are worthy of admiration." Queen Margarita of Italy, in answer to the same question, said: "From fifteen to thirty a woman loves a handsome man. From thirty to fifty she admires a handsome man, but after fifty she worships the man whatever he may be."



Princess Henry of Battenberg.

"Little Chance."

Princess Henry of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain, has also given her views on this subject. "Many ugly men are amiable without doubt," she wrote, "but many handsome men are so, too. But a man who has nothing but his fine appearance has only a little chance of obtaining the heart of a large-minded woman."

Queen Amelie Likes Beauty.

Queen Amelie herself has subscribed her opinions. She wrote, with reference to the qualities women looked for in man: "In man, beauty is certainly a gift as great and noble as in a woman, but beauty would not prevent him from being the most despicable of beings, such as the man of bad renown, the man who laughs at women, or who in her presence is not come ill fat."

Queen Mary's Brief Opinion.

Our own Queen Mary records her opinion briefly. The quality she most admires in a man is that of modesty, she says.

Using Dickens as a Cudgel.

I wonder what Dickens would say if he knew the Germans were using him as a cudgel to thrash his native land. The *Vossische Zeitung*, in a lengthy essay, quotes his various novels to show that in England parents oppress their children, schoolmasters ill-treat their children, nurses (Sarah Gamp) neglect their patients, poor-law officials rob the poor and employers their employees, while Judges are swayed solely by party feeling.

Comedy of Wrath.

Lashing himself into a fury of very German moral wrath, the essayist says: "No other nation has to answer for the sins of such fathers as Dombey and Dorrit, of such a mother as Mrs. Nickleby, of such a grandfather as Little Nell's. No other nation knows such bells as those kept by Schoolmaster Squeers and Mr. Creakle and so on and so on. This is almost funny when one remembers that the writer is of the same race as the Scarborough baby killers and the destroyers of Louvain, and that Dickens loved to exaggerate."

The Song of the Season.

I have been canvassing my pantomime-going friends for their annual verdict of the song of the season, and "Sister Susie" wins hands down. "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," it is to give it its full title. It is the song that Jack Norworth first sang—or said—and it has, like all popular ditties, a "lilting" refrain.

Forty-Six S's in It.

I knew it would be the song of the season, for it satisfied the test for which I always look or listen. The small boy was whistling it about the streets on the day after Boxing Day. This is its cheery chorus:—

Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
Such skill as sewing shirts our shy young sister Susie shows!
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd sooner sleep on thistles,
Than the sandy, soft, short shirts for soldiers sister Susie sews.
Lots of S's in it. Forty-six I've counted.

Sympathetic Hands.

In the Stygian gloom which descended so suddenly upon London at lunch time yesterday, there was only one thing that appreciated the situation in a fit and proper manner. That was the big clock of St. Paul's which stood, appropriately enough, at a quarter past six. Somebody, after indulging in forty winks over lunch, must have had a shock on seeing it.

The Madness of the Post Office.

What has happened to the Post Office? Usually it rises to the Christmas occasion nobly. This year its telephone service seems to have infected all the other departments and made them equally incompetent. I thought at first that I might be the only sufferer, but I find my friends have been equally unfortunate.

Why No Messengers?

To quote a few instances. A letter I posted at Victoria a few days before Christmas I put into a letter-box before lunch. Eight hours later it had not been delivered at its destination, the Carlton Hotel. When I walk slowly I can occupy a whole quarter of an hour to traverse the distance. Again, a package directed to this office, posted in London on Sunday evening, arrived at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. And then that very useful servant of the Post Office, the messenger, ceased to exist months ago. I think the explanation was a vague "Owing to the war." But, after all, fifteen year old boys cannot go fighting, but they make excellent messengers.

And the Telephone—

I dare say the Post Office authorities will plead that they are suffering extraordinary strain just now. So are all other business organisations, but somehow or another they manage to keep up to the standard of efficiency, perhaps because they have fewer departmental heads. And the telephone—well, you know the telephone service. My exchange has revived that dear old joke of giving some harassed caller my number instead of the one asked for two or three times in succession.

Their Little Jokes.

But on Sunday I tried a new game on me. After struggling for fifteen minutes to get a call through, as soon as I got my number and began the first words of my conversation Exchange cut me off and announced it could get no answer. Subsequently it explained to me and to the person to whom I was trying to talk that it could get no answer from either of us.

About That Seventh Hundred.

Now about those footballs. We want to complete the seventh hundred before the end of the year. The total stands this morning at 630. That gives us three days in which to raise the other seventy, say twenty-four a day, so as to start the next hundred. Now, who will help with to-day's twenty-four? "Tommy" is still clamouring for footballs.

Waiting to Kick Off.

During the holidays I have had scores of acknowledgments, together with scores of applications. An Army Service Corps man in France, applying for a football for himself and his comrades, makes a most direct appeal. He sends me the "line up," drawn on the back of his writing paper, of two teams who will play the first game if the ball he asks for is forthcoming. "Kick-off as soon as ball arrives," is his merry note. I hope to be able to arrange the kick-off before the end of the week.

"The Boys Went Mad with Joy."

Then there is a gunner who writes from France to say how much he and his friends enjoyed the ball we sent them. "The boys all went mad with joy over the ball," he says. "We played a match on the 17th, and I had the pleasure of scoring the last goal. I am in charge of the ball, and I need not say it is looked after like a little baby; it never goes out of my sight."

Why We Must Send More.

I have, too, a letter from an Army Medical Corps major in Boulogne acknowledging the ball sent to his men. "Whoever the donor was," he writes, "he may rest assured that a better Christmas present could not have been sent; it will provide a compensation for the endless routine of work they are now engaged in." That is how "Tommy" appreciates your gifts. That is why I want to get the seventh hundred completed by the end of the year. I think we ought to do it; don't you?

'Oo 'Alt?

One of the drill instructors at a naval college combines a wonderful neglect of the letter "h," with an impartial severity towards young officers who don't absorb his teaching quickly enough. After he has drilled a squad of future admirals he generally picks out one to show that he has understood the lesson by manoeuvring the squad. One of these young hopefuls selected the other day got on well enough for a few minutes—and then gave the order "Halt" without preparing for it with the cautionary word "Squad." "Down came the instructor on his pupil. "'Alt-'oo 'alt,' he cried, "'me 'alt, you 'alt or the squad 'alt?'"

The Guard Laughs.

That keen body of men, the National Guard of Southend, about which I was writing the other day is possessed of other virtues than those I mentioned. It possesses a sense of humour and a magazine of its own, the "Home Guard." The editor of this magazine has written to me to say: "We, the National Guard of Southend, are enjoying a hearty laugh over your good-natured slap at us in your Gossip, and we hope the powers that be will take note of the gentle hint."

Certain Patriots (?)

And then he tells me all about his magazine, of which he sends me a copy. In it I see that the uniform question is treated at length, and also that certain members of the Southend Corporation thought that they would rather preserve its precious cricket pitch than allow the National Guard to drill in Chalkwell Park, where the pitch is, and which is the only public site in the borough suitable for drill purposes. I wonder what Southend will have to say about this at the next election.

London's Guard.

In the meanwhile the London National Guard is going ahead swiftly, I hear. The Lord Mayor addressed a muster of them, 1,000 strong, on Boxing Day. If things were not so deadly serious just now one might see something very picturesque in the idea of London's Lord Mayor addressing 1,000 London citizens banded together for the defence of London City. It reads rather like a page from a book of history. But, then, so many things we thought history are coming to life again nowadays.



The Lord Mayor of London.

Lancashire Men.

The Lord Mayor is a Lancashire man—the second of a series of four Lancashire men who will have ruled at the Mansion House in succession. The last Lord Mayor, Sir Vansittart Bowater, came from Manchester; Sir Charles Wakefield, who will follow the present Lord Mayor, hails from Liverpool; and his successor, who we hope will rule in 1916-17, will be Sir William Dunn, of Clitheroe. After that the line of Lancashire gives way for a while. Sir Charles Johnston is perhaps the keenest golfer who ever sat in the Lord Mayoral chair of London, even his telegraphic address is "Golfing, London."

141b. 802. of Names.

I wasted a lot of time pleasantly yesterday toying with that cheerful fourteen-and-a-half pound volume, the new "Post Office London Directory." If you have directory mania you need never have a dull moment with portly Kelly anywhere around.

Aeroplane Dope.

Of course, one of the first things you do is to look at the comic trades marshalled in their proper places somewhere among its 3,000 odd pages. I found a beauty, aeroplane dope manufacturer. No, I don't know what aeroplane dope is. Then there is a molybdate manufacturer and a mustard leaf maker and other obscure merchants. And Kelly is full of jokes, too. He gives a long list of people who live at Buckingham Palace, but never mentions the King or the Queen.

Directory Browsing.

Anyhow, directory browsing is to me an amusing pastime. And I also like to watch other people picking up the new directory. Four out of five go first of all to see if their own names are included, or if not how many people of their own name are. And, by the way, if you are a Smith, there are twenty-one columns of you. — THE RAMBLER.

HP SAUCE

is just what the housewife wants for clearing up the cold meat after Christmas.

Just a few drops give a new and delicious flavour which makes the meal so enjoyable.

Large Bottle 6d. of grocers.

MACKINTOSH'S

THE MACKINTOSH "TOUCH"
—THAT'S THE SECRET.

TOFFEE de LUXE

PERSONAL.

ALWAYS worthy of your trust.—Fred, See you soon. Diamis unfaithful May. MATINEE.—God bless you and guard you, my darling.—

"FORGET-ME-NOT" £1 a Day Competition.—Thursday's winners are: Miss Nellie Dunn, 79, Baird-st, Bradford; G. F. Parker, 36, Vaughan-st, Wigan; Lance's Miss H. M. Smith, Ivy Green, Westfield, Bridgwater, Som.; Miss N. McClelland, Strathearn, Lismore, Ireland.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Abchurch-lane, London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

Dress.

MATERNITY Self-Adjusting Skirts from 8s. 11d.; gowns, 25s. 6d.; Nursing Gowns with Bell, 7s. 11d.; Maternity Blouses, Overcoats, Accouchements Sets and Sundries; Layettes, Infant Specialities, Complete Nursery Equipment, 108-page Illustrated Catalogue, Patterns and Self-Measurement Form Free.—Manageress, Wood Bros, Maternity Specialists, 25, Abchurch-lane, London.

Articles for Disposal.

ARTISTIC Daily China—100 perfect pieces 21s., complete dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art, Rattery, 25, Burslem.

CENTURY China Bargains—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices.—J. H. B. Century Pottery Services, beautiful designs from 3s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated Catalogue free; Presents offered; write to-day.—Century Pottery, Dept. 75, Burslem.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANY Old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 3d. per tooth on valentine, to £2 on metal; cash.—Bells, Ltd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old Bought), and Plated Articles, Curious, 100; almost value per return or after made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st, London. Estd. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old Bought); highest bona-fide A prices; teeth on valentine up to 5s. 6d. per tooth, 10s. silver, 12s. 6d. gold, £1 10s. 6d. per mouth; extrange paid or others.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror." Messrs. Paget, the leading firm, 219, Oxford-st, London. Established 150 years.

CASH by Return for old jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st, London. W.

SCRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver purchased for cash; highest prices; return by return.—Fraser's (Ipswich), Ltd., 2, Prince-st, Ipswich. Established 1833.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash or 10s. 6d. per month; extrange paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

THE SMARTEST Satires on the Kaiser and His Son

ARE THE

CLEVER CARTOONS

By W. K. Haselden
in the Pages of
"The Daily Mirror."

THE TOPICS OF THE HOUR

are treated by Caricature
which is Pure Humour
without Malice. Amongst
notable cartoons of the
War NONE ARE
MORE POPULAR than

The Adventures of Big and Little Willie.

In the New Volume of

Daily Mirror Reflections

Just Published—Price 6d. Nett.

the cream of these cartoons is presented
in a welcome little collection full of
humour.

"DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS"
have had an enormous popularity for
years, but the features of "BIG AND
LITTLE WILLIE" will make the New
Volume for this season the

First of British Favourites.

These Celebrated Cartoons include
topics of every day moment, such as
THE BRITISH LION.

THE PEACEFUL WORLD.

THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE

ALLIES.

"THE CONTEMPTIBLE ARMY."

FEASTING IN PARIS.

THE BARRIER OF BELGIUM.

ARMED CATS AND DOGS.

THE KIEL CANAL BLOCKADE.

THE GOOSE STEP.

JUVENILE RECRUITING.

POSING FOR THE CINEMA.

WEEK-ENDS AT THE SEA.

THEIR SWOLLEN HEADS.

THEIR REINFORCEMENTS.

THEIR TURN IN PARIS.

THE LOOT OF LITTLE WILLIE.

These titles recall the most popular
pictures of the War. In

Daily Mirror Reflections

a collection appears which
will at all times entertain
by its charm and variety.

There is no better antidote to
anxiety and worry than the study
of "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS."

PRICE 6d. NETT.

DEALING WITH MINES IN HOLLAND.



Holland's special corps for dealing with mines washed up on her shores. As soon as one is found an electric wire is attached and the mine exploded.

NEWS ITEMS.

The King's Gift to Serbia.

The King has sent a contribution of £100 to the Serbian Relief Fund.

Rifle Range in Church.

A rifle range has now been established in the crypt of Kennington Parish Church.

Fatal Motor-Car Accident.

Frederick Giles, of the military police, a member of a picket which was run into by a motor-car at Ruisliere on Sunday night, died in hospital yesterday.

Another Mine Found.

Another mine, the fourth reported found among the western isles, has come ashore at Port Uisken, near Bunnisan, in Mull, and has been exploded.

More Wine in Spite of War.

Official returns of the 1914 vintage in France, excluding the invaded territory, show an increase of some 3,000,000 gallons over last year's yield, says Reuter.

Tired of Berlin.

An unusually large number of tenants of houses and offices in Berlin and the environs, says the Central News, are reported to have given notice to quit to expire in April.

New Member for Attercliffe.

Mr. W. C. Anderson, chairman of the National Labour Party, was yesterday declared elected for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield, in succession to the late Mr. Joseph Pointer.

Japan Seizes Germany's Trade.

Germany in 1912 occupied the second place on the list in regard to the number and tonnage of her vessels visiting Hong Kong, but she has now dropped to third place, having been ousted by Japan.

Promoted for Gallantry.

Colonels Richard C. B. Haking, C.B., and Frederick C. Shaw, C.B., have been promoted to the rank of major-general for distinguished conduct in the field, says last night's *London Gazette*.

An Income-Tax Problem.

The district commissioners, it is understood, will decide whether employers may deduct from their income-tax returns the part salaries which they are paying to the members of their staffs who have joined the colours.

FINANCIAL.

CASH advanced, £3 to £1,000, privately to city clerks and London men generally in personal positions on promissory notes; no fee; charged or sureties or securities required; repayments to suit borrowers; other loans paid off—Richards and Co., 10 to 11, Lime-st., City. Est. 1855.

LOANS DURING WAR

AS USUAL.

IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES

£20 TO £2,000

can be obtained

AT 24 HOURS' NOTICE

ON YOUR SIMPLE PROMISE TO REPAY.

Repayments to Suit your Own Convenience.

NO PRELIMINARY FEES.

ALL Communications strictly Private.

LONDON & PROVINCES DISCOUNT CO., LTD.

78, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

Wire "Lords," London. Phone Bank 8532.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.

BOURNEMOUTH—Hotel Empress, overlooking beautiful gardens; 3 minutes sea, bath, linen, all attractions; electric lift; light; moderate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRINK Habit Cured secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial free, privately—Fleet Drug 211 Co., 4, Dorset-st., E.C. HOW to Cure Nervous Breakdown—If you have wrecked your nerves by overwork or worry, and you feel weak, worn out or jaded, write for my free booklet on "Nervous Breakdown"; if you feel mentally upset, depressed or suffer from neurasthenia, it will teach you more in 5 minutes than you will gain in years by experience.—Address Charles Gordon (Dept. M.), 60, Great Russell-st., Bradford, Yorks.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Fog was again a spoil-sport at Wolverhampton yesterday. It was not bad enough to stop steeple-chasing altogether, but the mist was so dense that it was impossible to distinguish the colours until the horses were close home.

Fields were small in most of the races, but the chief event, the Holiday Hurdle, attracted no fewer than eighteen runners. Scotch Plait was favourite in an open market, but he had nothing to do with the finish, Flywheel winning easily from Variety Lad. For the concluding stage of the meeting to-day selections are appended:—

1. 5.—Bushbury Hurdle.—MARCHOG GWYN.

1.35.—Brewed Hurdle.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

2. 5.—Himley Hurdle.—ALFREDO.

2.55.—Stagers' Stakes.—CAVRO.

3. 5.—Christmas Stakes.—ORANGEVILLE.

3.30.—Thornycroft Stakes.—COTTAGE MAIDEN.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*MARCHOG GWYN and COTTAGE MAIDEN.

BOUVIERIE.

WOLVERHAMPTON RETURNS.

1.5.—Dunstable Hurdle. 1jm.—King Finch (2-1, W. Smith), 1; Siberian (2-1); 2; Langley (10-1), 3; 9 ran. 1.35.—Shifnal Stakes. 2m.—Beaumont (15-8, Mr. Manley), 1; Comfort (5-4), 2; Kide (2-1), 3; 3 ran. 2.5.—Shrewsbury Stakes. 2m.—Mait McGrath (4-6, Hulme), 1; Thralden (2-1), 2; Mermaid IV. (100-8), 3; 4 ran. 2.45.—Holiday Hurdle. 2m.—Flywheel (5-1, Reardon), 1; Variety Lad (6-1); 2; Additown's Prize (6-1), 3; 18 ran. 3.5.—Wolverhampton Hurdle. 2m.—Fashion (11-10, Mr. Anthony), 1; Thors (7-1), 2; B. and S. (5-1), 3; 6 ran. 3.30.—Minor Stakes. 2m.—Skylark VII. (15-8, Mr. J. R. Anthony), 1; Rillet (4-1), 2; 4 ran.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I.—Sheffield U. (h) 1, Notts County 0; Barnley 4, Chelsea (h) 1.
THE LEAGUE.—Division II.—Birmingham (h) 3, Notts Forest 0; Derby County 0, Leicester Forest (h) 0.
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Palace (h) 2, Norwich 1; Northampton (h) 1, Exeter 1; Bristol Rovers (h) 4, South-end 1; Swindon (h) 6, Croydon 0.

Piercing Nerve Pain Sciatica and Neuralgia

To kill the nerve pains of Sciatica and Neuralgia, you can always depend on Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the seat of pain and brings ease as soon as it is applied. A great comfort too, with Sloan's, is that no rubbing is required.

Sciatica so Bad, Had to Crawl Upstairs.

Mr. W. WOLFE, 13, Jewell Street, Bowling Back Lane, Bradford, writes:—"I am convinced that Sloan's Liniment is the finest pain reliever that has ever been sold. I had an attack of Sciatica so bad that I had to crawl upstairs on my hands and knees, but after four applications of your liniment I was relieved of pain and able to walk."

Neuralgia for Over Six Months.

Mr. R. A. TARBETT, Oakmere, 15, Avenue Road, Southampton, writes:—"I suffered from neuralgia for more than six months and was under medical treatment for it, also tried nearly every remedy recommended to me. I decided to try Sloan's Liniment, and was astonished at the result. I obtained instant relief."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN

Invaluable for stopping muscular or nerve pain of any kind. Try it at once if you suffer with Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Sprains, Bruises, etc.

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The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

With an effort she broke the spell that bound her. She wrenched herself free.

"If you love me—oh, Jack, don't do it!" she cried. "It's just madness! I—I'm going to ring for your man. I'll call Mr. Lane. Jack—you absolute fool, if you do it you'll regret it till the last day you live!"

She sprang up and flashed on light after light. She felt mad with fear—as he had been mad for the moment in his fierce desire for a forbidden thing. Temptation had gripped her for the second time in her life, but now she had fled from it; yet not so quickly but that she had felt the wrench of its hand on the fringes of her gown.

Hillier stood up. He was conscious that his hands trembled a little. He laughed, shortly, like a man who is half-ashamed of himself.

"Oh, I'll not do it," he said. "Don't be afraid. But that doesn't alter my opinion of Marazoff's methods," he said. "Heigh ho, Valerie. Our evening has not been so much of a success as I contemplated, I am afraid. What's the time?"

"It's nearly half-past nine. Jack, dear, I think you ought to go to bed, really I do. You're not a bit yourself. Jack, when I think of what you actually contemplated, I—"

"Your flesh creeps, I know. I made an utter ass of myself. Good night, old girl. I'm glad we're back—it won't be long now till the time's up."

Sylvia repeated the words after he had left the room. "It won't be long till the time's up."

No, it would not be long; but too long if such scenes as this which she had just passed through were to be often enacted. She felt utterly shaken.

She went over to the window and stood looking out at the still beauty of the gardens as they slept in the moonlight. Their peace called to her appealingly. Wrapping a scarf about her head, she stepped on to the flagged walk.

A path cut across the lawns, under the shadows of the trees; it led to a terraced walk that overlooked the lake and the gardens as they undulated and lost themselves in the park-land.

She made her way in the direction of the terrace, past the high hedges of closely-cropped yew that reminded her of a certain walk in the garden at Magalla.

As she came again into the moonlight, out of the dim yew walk, she started violently.

A man's shadow fell blackly across the path. A man's hand fell roughly upon her arm. With a cry she started back, but she could not escape. In the clear, soft light she saw his face very clearly. It was Sir George Clair.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

AFRAID TO RETURN TO AUSTRIA.

That she did not want to go back to Austria because she was afraid she would be killed there was the statement made on arrest by Emilie Schwabener, an Austrian, in domestic service, who was charged at Croydon yesterday with attempted suicide.

According to the evidence, she sealed up the door and windows of the kitchen at her employer's house and was found with her head in a gas oven. She was under notice.

The Bench directed her to be handed over to the American Embassy, with the hope that another situation would be obtained for her in this country.

Britain's Thrilling Air Raid on German Navy: Photographs

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Ride : : Pictures.

WOMEN'S PART IN WAR IN SERBIA: THEY HELP TO BRING UP THE GUNS

9/33 B



This interesting photograph shows a party of Serbian peasant women helping to haul up the Serbian guns. These brave women, who are intensely patriotic and who

have learnt to detest Austria from childhood, would willingly line the trenches. They have endured great hardships since the war began, but uncomplainingly.

THE WAR IN THE SNOW-CLAD CARPATHIANS.

9-251



An Austrian advanced post in the Carpathians firing on a Russian outpost. In this district, as elsewhere, the Austrians have been generally mastered by the Russian troops, who have taken enormous numbers of prisoners.

THE BRITISH LION AROUSED AT LAST!

4 11908 G



This cartoon is reproduced from the *New York World*. It illustrates the American idea that the German raid on Scarborough has at last aroused the British Lion. America wants to see Britain alive to Germany's "frightfulness."

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